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Z. RAGAN, Editor and Proprietor.

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## Literature & Miscellany.

### Unity of Language in our Country.

The following article is copied from the *Jefferson Journal*, and contains a statement of the true policy of our country:

The rules and regulations of no country or community can be brought into any state of regularity or uniformity, without a uniform language. The Constitution and laws of all countries, it is necessary to promulgate in a language common or known to all; now, this has to be done either in a multitude of languages, and be consequently defective, or in an established language, which is fixed as the only recognized language of the country.

That a uniformity of language can be established, even in the conglomerated Babel of foreign tongues introduced in our country, we know has been tried and succeeded. In the State of Pennsylvania, a large amount of original settlers were German or Dutch, for many years they retained their distinct nationality and language; the State encouraged this by promulgating their laws and legislative enactments in both languages, and permitting them to establish and keep up schools, in which nothing but their own language was taught; the consequence was that they remained in a state of deplorable ignorance and made no advances in all that was necessary to make intelligent citizens.

Beside the extra expense to which the State was put in printing in two languages, becoming weary of this state of things, the laws, etc., were promulgated in only the standard language, and schools were required to be established in every district teaching the American language, and rigidly carried out. The effect surpassed expectation, and the German has disappeared and general intelligence increased accordingly.

Ohio adopted a similar rule, and now our language is spoken in all the German and other foreign settlements in that State.

This State should entirely cease publishing any of their public enactments in more than one language, and schools established, and we would soon cease to have our ears pained with the unintelligible jargons so common, composed of a mixture of language and forming none; beside the enormous expense would be saved. How many languages are spoken in our whole country, we cannot tell, but they are numerous; German and French are the most common; there are large settlements of Norwegians, Swedes, Poles, Russians, Hungarians, Greeks, Turks, and other minor nations; now if it is proper to publish in two languages, it is just as necessary to do so, in all, to do all a similar act of justice. But, we utterly deny the necessity of it in any case.

We have established a pure and correct national language easily acquired and one that may be spoken with ease and uniformity throughout the country. This is the American language. To give a unity of thought and action throughout our population—mixed as it is, requires that all should be well and thoroughly acquainted with the institutions of the country, and the only practicable mode of so doing is by requiring a knowledge of the language of the country. A uniformity of speech naturally produces a reciprocity of feeling and action. A variety of languages spoken in one country, producing many distinct nationalities, was a great cause of the failure of the Hungarian revolution, and has been of many others. Where there is not a common means of social intercommunication there cannot be a common cause of action. Uniformity will do away with foreign feelings.

The grand principle of Republicanism, which our Government has established, and which it is laboring to extend over all countries, which it acquires, either by annexation, purchase or otherwise, is but one principle and cannot be subdivided without destroying it; it is therefore necessary that its extension should be accompanied by the only language founded upon the freedom of thought, produced by that principle, otherwise, it will be tortured into every language that each adopter of Republicanism will understand it only as often misinterpreted into his own language. The consequence must inevitably be its total misconception and misconstruction. We saw an instance of this in Lafayette (now Fourth District, New Orleans). A learned German had translated the Constitution of the United States, and the State of Louisiana, into the German language; after publication, he read it to us, and we scarcely could recognize any article; they were entirely changed in sense, yet he was very learned in German and English. Such will always be the case.

How can we produce a uniformity of language? Let each State publish her Constitution and Legislative enactments in the language of our country! Establish schools in every District in which it shall be a requirement that a teacher of American language shall impart a knowledge of the language to each pupil, and the desired result will soon be attained.

## Poetical.

### [FROM THE MISSOURI DEMOCRAT.] My Fiftieth Birth-Day.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

I used to think, when I, a child,  
Played with the pebbles on the shore  
Of the clear river rippling wild,  
That rolled before my father's door,  
How long, how very long 'twould be,  
Ere I could live out fifty years;  
To think of it! checked my glee,  
And filled my childish heart with fears.

I looked at grandma, as she sat,  
Her forehead decked with silvery rime,  
And thought, "When I am old as that,  
Must I daint stockings all the time?  
Must I sit in the arm-chair so,  
A white-furred cap around my face,  
With dull arab strings, and ne'er a bow,  
And keep things always in their place?"

The lines of care, the sigh of pain,  
The "hush" her lips so oft let fall,  
Made me wish, o'er and o'er again,  
I never might grow old at all.

Yet she was ever cheerful, and  
Would oft times join our sport and mirth;  
And many a play by her was planned,  
Around the winter evening hearth.

But then she played not by the brook,  
She did not gather pretty flowers,  
She did not sing with merry look,  
Nor make a spring-time of the hours.  
So when she said one sunny morn,  
"You will be old like me some day,"  
I wept like one of those forlorn,  
And threw my playthings all away.

Be old! like grandma, and not roam  
The glen in spring for violets blue,  
Or bring the bright May blossoms home.  
Or pick the strawberries 'mong the dew.

Be old! and in the summer time,  
Take weary naps, in mid-day hours,  
And fall the Chandler trees to climb,  
And shake the ripening fruit in showers!

Be old! and sit round wintry fires;  
Be fifty!—have no sliding spree,  
And hush away all wild desires!  
I thought 'twere better not to be.

But two score years have glided by,  
With summer's heat and winter's cold,  
With sunny hours and clouded sky,  
Till now I'm fifty—now I'm old!  
The sun-burnt locks are silvery now,  
And eyes are dim, and feet more slow,  
That let my playmates all behind.

Spectacles lie upon my nose,  
But no white frill looks prim and cold;  
My grey hair curls; I wear pink bows—  
I do not feel so very old.

I play among the pebbles—I  
Would love, on that familiar shore,  
Where once I watched the swallows fly  
The dancing rippling waters o'er.  
I'd like to climb the apple tree,  
Where once the spicy sweetening grew;  
Make grape vine swings, and have a glee;  
But I am fifty—'twouldn't do.

I'd like to go a nutting now,  
And gather violets in the glen;  
And watch the wild flow'rs round my brow,  
As well as e'er I did at ten.

I'd like to slide upon the pond—  
To watch the old mill struggling there  
In icy chains, while all beyond  
Was one broad mirror, cold and glare.

I'd like to see the noisy school,  
Let out a nooning as of old—  
Play "lost my glove," and "Mind the rule."  
My heart throbs quick—it is not cold.

I hear the cry of Kate and Jane,  
Of Lottie, Lina, Helen, Sue—  
Ah, yes! ('twill own it in between.)  
Come George, and Dan, and William too.

I'm fifty—but I am not sad—  
I see no gloom in ripening years,  
My hopes are bright, my spirit glad—  
How vain were all my childish fears.

My childish sports, I loved them then,  
I love to think them over still—  
To shut my eyes, and dream again  
Of silvery stream, and woodland hill.  
But life has pleasures holier still  
Than childhood's play, with all its zest,  
That, as we journey down the hill,  
Makes each succeeding year the best.

There's stalwart men beside my hearth,  
And "bonny lasses" laughing free,  
That had not lived on this good earth,  
To love and labor, but for me;  
And shall I pine for childhood joys,  
For woodland walks, and violets blue,  
While round me merry boys and girls  
Are doing what I used to do?

My days of toil, my years of care,  
Have never chilled my spirit's flow,  
Or made one flower of life less fair  
Than in the spring-time, long ago.  
The path I've trod were sometimes rough,  
And sharp and piercing to my feet;  
Yet there were daisies walks enough,  
To make it all seem smooth and sweet.

Friends that I loved have passed from sight,  
Before me to the spirit home;  
But in the day that knows no night,  
I know they'll greet me when I come.  
Hopes that I've cherished, too, were vain;  
But I have lived to feel and know,  
That, were life to live o'er again,  
'Twere better that it should be so.

At every winding of the way,  
I've sought for love, and love have given;  
For love can cheer the darkest day,  
And make the poorest home a heaven.

Oh! ye who're passing down, like me,  
Life's autumn side, be brave and strong;  
And teach the lipper at your knee,  
That fifty years is not so long—  
That if they would be ever young,  
And free from dolorous pain and care,  
The life-harp must be ever strung  
With love of duty everywhere.

As violins, in foreign lands,  
Broken and shattered o'er and o'er,  
When mended, and in skillful hands,  
Make sweeter music than before,  
So, of the heart, by sorrow torn,  
Gives forth a clearer, loftier song,  
Than that which greeted us at morn,  
When it was new and brave and strong.

Father, I thank thee for them all,  
These fifty years which now are past;  
Oh! guide me, guard me, till the fall  
Of death, my form shall hide at last.  
Let me, in love and kindness, still  
Live on, nor e'er grow hard and cold;  
Bend me, and break me to thy will,  
But may my spirit ne'er grow old.

## Frightful Adventure.

CARRIE MASON.

BY T. W. BROWN.

But a few days since, my eye fell upon a thrilling description of a contest with wolves. The details stirred some bitter memories of the past. The very name of wolf causes a shudder to creep over me, and brings back a train of most bitter associations. A dark, horrible vision falls upon the inward soul, its freezing incidents as vividly portrayed as when enacted long years ago.

Reader, indulge an old friend in a brief tale of facts. Draw your chair closer to the fire, and I will tell you a tale of other days which will stir your blood.

You did not know Carrie Mason? why do I ask the question, for years have gone by since she died. I knew her and loved her. Who could know her and not love her.

Carrie! I turn back to the past, when the world was all a paradise, and she its loveliest angel. She was beautiful—how beautiful!—No thing of earth was more so. I will not attempt to describe her. No light cloud tracing the summer sky, was ever more graceful; no snow flake ever purer; no warbling bird or warbling stream ever more happy and gleeful.

And yet she had a spirit which soared; and her blue eyes, as mild as the depths of a summer sky, would melt in tears or flash indignantly at a tale of wrong. She was surpassingly beautiful in form. Do you wonder that I loved her? I love her now enshrined in memory, and bow in silent homage to her pure spirit as it lingers around me in the winters of life.

Carrie Mason of earth is dead. I know that. But the Carrie Mason of Heaven lives, and I love her, as I love the things of Heaven. Years have gone by and sifted the snow among my looks, and my eye looks dimly upon the world; yet that one bright dream lingers as freshly in the heart as when treasured there in the spring of life.

Closer with your chair. Heap on more fuel, for chills creep over me as that blast goes by. I can hear the snow sift thickly against the window panes. I know that a thick white snow shroud is silently weaving over the leafless, bladeless flowerless earth. So has time woven a shroud over all the bright hopes of my youth.

The drifts are piling up! Away back of the village church the heaps lie upon the graves of the dead. Carrie lies there. I see the spot now, even as I watch the blaze, and listen to the wind without. The snow there gathered is not purer than the spirit of Carrie.

That was a fierce one! The night winds have a language. I understand it. Long, long years I have sat here and listened. As they go past, they whisper, and I wonder in thought until the ashes gather on the waning hearth. How the winds shriek and wail! They have a touching moan. It makes me sad to hear them sigh, and I people the night air with spirits of grief. Now a faint, solemn dirge goes whispering by. There! hark to a shriek which leaves a freezing sense of some fearful crime committed. And yet the winds are company for me. They have been my sole companions for years. Let the winds murmur, for I should miss their faintest whisper.

Forty years ago!

Time has fled fleetly. It seems but a day, and yet I look in the glass across the table and see the withered features of an old man. Is it myself that is old? I draw my hand over a face of wrinkles, and then lay it upon a smooth bald head. Around the ears, are thin white locks, and a well-worn staff glistens in the fire light.

Years have gone by, while the heart has been deceiving as though there were no winter after the spring time of youth.

Forty years ago, as I was saying, my father's family settled in one of the counties of central New York. All was a wilderness, wild, grand, beautiful. We located fifteen miles from the farthest pioneer "clearing." The shadows were around us, the tall trees and the picturesque mountains.

Many a summer's day have I toiled upon the rugged mountain sides, and looked out upon a sea of green as it swayed and rolled, in the summer breeze, or watched the warming sun as it lingered to bathe the whole wilderness in a flood of gold and crimson. All were very beautiful.

The axe had opened a space in the forest, and a cabin of that good old time afforded us shelter. It looked new and comfortable, and its chimney smoke curled gracefully up and vanished with the shadows of the forest. The blackened logs smoked and crackled, and deep in those wild-wood solitudes the wilderness blossomed and smiled in the presence of yellow harvests. A happy home was there. The birds sang at earliest morn, and the deep river near the door murmured sweetly at night fall.

There were gentle whisperings in the old trees. As they bow their heads to the winds, a holy anthem floated up from the vast temples where nature breathed fresh and pure from the hand of God. The wild-flowers bloomed even by the very door sill, and the deer stopped in the forest edge to gaze upon the smoke of the chimney.

'Twas a beautiful home in the old wilderness! The spring brook's neighbors. 'Twas a great day when a settler came in and purchased land across the river. He received a warm welcome from pioneer hearts, and by the ready agency of pioneer hands a comfortable log cabin peeped out from the dense woodland on the opposite bank.

I watched the smoke from its open roof as the sun went down, and eagerly looked for it the next morning. But it was not the smoke I cared so much about. I only knew that it curled upward from the fire-side where dwelt as beautiful a creature as ever bloomed away from the busy world. And so I watched the smoke, and dreamed as I watched the river, until the moon threw down its beautiful pathway of shimmering silver, and listened for the sound of familiar footsteps.

Across the river was the home of Carrie Mason. Before the mellow haze of Autumn had dropped its dreamy hue on lake and stream, I learned to love her and tell her so in the still moonlight of that hidden home.

The leaves faded and the winter winds wailing through the forest. But we cared little for that. The snow fell thick and fast, but our cabin homes were bright, and our hearts were alive with happiness and hope. When the spring opened, and the birds returned, we were to be married.

I was happy.

A winter evening party in a new country. Did you ever attend one, reader? There are large hearths and open hearts to be found.

Carrie and I were invited to attend the party. A rude "jumper" had been built, and in this we started. Ten miles were soon passed, and we found ourselves in as merry and as happy a throng as ever gathered on a frontier. The huge fire crackled on the hearth, and old fashioned fun and frolic rang out until a late hour. The moon had gone down when we started for home, and the snow began to fall. But we heeded it not, for we talked fast as the stout horse sped on the forest path.

Carrie grasped my arm and whispered: "Hark! The wind shrieked over the tops of the dark pines, and I laughed at her fears. But she nestled close to my side and talked with less glee. In spite of all efforts, a shadow would creep over my own spirits.

The road wound around a dense growth of pines which shot upward and veiled even the sky from our path. The old pines swayed and moaned in the increasing storm, and the snow fell fast and thickly. I touched the horse with the whip, and he moved briskly through the woods.

Again Carrie grasped my arm. I heard nothing save the storm, and yet I was startled as the horse gave a quick snort, and struck into a gallop. With a heart full of happiness, I had not yet dreamed of danger.

Again the horse snorted in alarm. There were sounds above the storm, and I felt my cheek grow white and cold, and the blood rushed quickly back to my heart. Clear, wild, terrific, it burst out in an

unearthly howl, like a wail from the world of fiends. I heard it; its dismal heart-chilling echoes had not died away on the storm, when it was answered by a score of throats.

Merciful God! a pack of wolves were around us! In those dark woods, at night, and the storm howling overhead, a score of hungry throats were fiercely yelling each other on to the feast.

For a moment my senses reeled, but I felt Carrie leaning heavily upon my shoulder, and aroused.

But what hope was there? I had no weapon, and the maddened devils were in the path before and behind us. There was but one chance, and that was to push ahead.

That was a slim chance, and I grew sick as I thought of Carrie. The quiet cabin, and the happy hearth at home, flashed swiftly through my brain.

At that moment a dark shadow glided up by the side of the sleigh, and so wild and devilish a yell I have never heard since. My flesh crawled on my bones.

A cold shiver ran to the heart and crept over the head, as though the hairs were standing on end. Two orbs glared out like demon-lights and I could hear the panting of the eager beast.

Firmly grasping the lines, and shouting sharply to the horse, we shot away.

The horse needed no urging. At the act, that infernal chorus again broke out in earnest, and their dark forms leaped in lengthened strides on either side of us. The speed was fearful, and yet the yelling devils kept pace. Turning to speak to Carrie, I saw a dark form leap into the path, and as we sped ahead, his teeth shut with a vice like snap, missing Carrie, but stripping her shawl from her shoulders.

With a shriek she clung to me, and with my arm I saved her from being dragged out of the seat.

Oh God! It was horrible! We were to be eaten alive! I became maddened—reckless. I shouted to the horse, now reeking with foam, and went at a fearful rate. The stumps, and roots, and uneven places in the road, threatened every instant to wreck our sleigh.

Home was three miles ahead! O, for a world to give for home!

As the road struck the river bank, it turned shortly around on the brink of a fearful precipice. Here was a new danger; it was a difficult place, and not only danger of upsetting, but of being hurled into the river.

There was a path across this angle of land where logs had been drawn out; it was a mile nearer this way to the clearing, than by the river, but I durst not attempt it with a sleigh. On we sped! That infernal pack, neck and neck with us, and every now and then, jaws shutting like steel-traps close to our persons.

Once around that angle and I hoped! How madly I shouted to the noble brute as we neared the turn in that race for life.

Oh Heaven! The infernal devils had crossed ahead and hung in dark masses in the path. A demon instinct seemed to possess them. A few rods more!—The wolves seemed to feel that we had a chance, for they howled more devilish than ever.

With a swoop, the horse turned in spite of me; the left runner struck high on the roots of a pine, and the sleigh swung over like a flash, burying us in the new snow. Away sped the horse, and my heart sank as I heard his quick footsteps dying out towards home.

But I had no time to think; in truth I can remember nothing distinctly; it all seemed a nightmare which I never can forget.

The maddened pack followed the horse, and shot past us as we were thrown out upon the bank, for a number of rods. A shriek from Carrie arrested them in their career, and in an instant they were upon us. I gave one long, desperate shout, in hopes of arousing the folks at the cabins. I had no time to shout again. Their hot breath burned upon me, and their dark masses gathered around like the shadows of doom. With a broken limb I wildly kept them at bay for a moment; but fiercer, closer, surged the gnashing teeth. Carrie lay insensible on the ground before me. There was one more chance. A stunted pine grew upon the outer edge of the bank and shot out nearly horizontally over the river below, full a hundred feet from the surface.

Dashing madly in the teeth of the pack with my cudgel, I yelled with the warning energy of despair, grasped Carrie with one arm, and dashed recklessly out upon the pine. I thought not of the danger—I cared not. I braved one danger to escape a greater. I reached the branches and breathed freer, as I heard the fierce growl of the baffled pack.

I turned my head, and God of mercy! a long shadow was gliding along the trunk to our last refuge. Carrie was helpless, and it required all the strength of intense despair to hold her, and remain upon the slippery trunk. I turned to face the wolf—he was in reach of my arm. I

struck with my fist, and again those fearful jaws shut with a snap, as my hand brushed his head. With a demoniac growl he fastened upon the shoulder of Carrie! O for help! for a weapon, a foothold upon earth, where I could grapple with the monster!

I heard the long fangs crunch into the flesh, and the smothered breathings, as the wolf continued to make sure of his hold! O it was horrible! I best him over the head, but he only deigned a munching growl. I yelled, prayed, wept, but the hungry devil cared not for prayers. His companions were still howling and whining, and venturing out upon the pine. I almost wished the tree would give way.

The wolf still kept his hold upon Carrie. None can dream how the blood hissed and swept through my knotted veins. At last the brute hungry for his prey, gave a wrench, and nearly threw me from the pine. Carrie was helpless and insensible. Even the crunching teeth of the monster did not awaken her from the deadly swoon into which she had fallen.

Another wrench was made by my aching grasp, leaving me but the hold upon the skirt of her dress. The incarnate devil had not released his hold, but as if aware of the danger beneath, retained his grip on the shoulder of Carrie.

The end had come! My brain reeled! The long body of the wolf hung down like a dark shadow in the abyss, fast wearing out my remaining strength. The blood gushed warmly from my nostrils, and lights danced across my eyeballs. The overtaxed muscle of the hand would relax, and as instantly close convulsively upon the eluding skirt. I heard a tearing of stitches. The black mass writhed and wrenched, as if to deepen the hold. A cracking mingled with the humming noise, and the dress parted at the waist. I shrieked as I heard the swooping sound of the fall of the black devil and his victim, as they shot down into the darkness. I heard something like the bay of the old house dog, and the firing of guns, and heard no more.

Weeks and months passed away before the fearful delirium of that night left me. I returned to consciousness in my father's cabin, an emaciated creature, helpless as a child. My youth had passed away, and I was prematurely old. The raven locks of twenty had changed to the silver lines of eighty years of age. Look on this arm that clung to Carrie! I have never raised it since that night. In my dreams I feel again that fearful night, and awake, covered with the cold, clammy sweat, that gathered upon me while on the pine.

The neighing of the horse as he rushed into the clearing, had aroused the people at home.

The empty and broken sleigh told the brief story.

The howling of the wolves arose on the blast, and with guns and the old house dog, they rushed to the scene. They found me senseless upon the trunk, covered with blood, and a wolf feeling his way towards me. In turning at the sound of their approach, he slipped and went down upon the ice.

Our people looked long for Carrie Mason, but did not find her till next morning. They then went down upon the ice and found her corpse. The wolves had not picked her crushed bones—I thanked God for that. The fall had partially broken the ice, and the oozing water had frozen and fastened her long black hair as it floated out. The wolf had not released his death grasp, and his teeth were buried in her pure white shoulders.

The spring, sunshine, and birds, and green leaves had come again, as I tottered out. My sisters led me to a grave on the river bank—the grave of all my youthful hopes, and of all that I loved. The wild flowers were already on the sacred mound. I wept over and blessed them, for they were blooming on the grave of Carrie. Such was the fate of my first and only love. There never was but one Carrie Mason.

GALLANTRY FROM HEAD TO FOOT.—"Excelsior," the correspondent of a New York paper, was walking along a path a foot wide, half way up the wall, at Tremont Falls, when he met four young crinolines sailing towards him. He could not turn back nor get around them, so he says: "I put my wits to work for an expedient. By Jove! there is inspiration in a pretty foot—a thought had struck me, and no sooner thought 'than done, down went 'Excelsior' flat as a groundling, lengthwise in the path; and one by one the fair damsels walked over dry shod. Don't ask me to describe my feelings while undergoing the process. I held my breath, and went it blind—but I'll bet my head that one pair of those feet has left impressions that will take something besides the washerwoman to eradicate."

It is singular that when hills become "due," acrobats become mist.

## The Fireside.

### Frightening Children.

We know of nothing more reprehensible, nothing more dangerous and injudicious, than the practice of frightening children in the nursery, at the family fireside, and in the social circle, by reciting to them ghost stories, goblin tales, and wretched fictions. They receive painful impressions from which their nervous system does not recover for years, perhaps during their whole lives.

Children and young persons have generally great curiosity in relation to these tales of the imagination, especially when they are attended by some gossiping nurse, whose head, being empty of good sense, has been filled brim full of ghost legends and black letter recollections.

If there is a worse condition upon earth than that into which this monstrous superstition plunges an imaginative child, we have no conception of its curdling horrors. Never to lay the head upon the pillow, from the time it is two or three years of age, until seven, eight, or ten, without feeling the most perfect assurance in its own mind of realizing its own prophecy, and seeing some hideous spectre before morning. This is the purgatory of early, innocent, and otherwise happy childhood.

These midnight horrors haunt the imagination even to old age. They may lose somewhat of their painful vividness, their appalling distinctness—something of their curdling horror, so potent in its mystery and so terrific even in its impossibility—but these terrors linger in the imagination still, ready to be called up in every suspicious spot, awakened in every solitude, in spite of all the judgment can do or the reason can urge. For a moment, at certain times, even to old age, the heart will throb with painful distinctness, the hair will become perpendicular, and a disagreeable shudder will make the blood cold in the veins, even when manhood has reached its prime. To be sure, the judgment soon dispels those unfounded fears, but they will haunt the victim at times, to his dying day. These are some of the painful deleterious effects of frightening children in the early season of their growth. How important is it, that parents should guard themselves against these groundless terrors, exciting the early imagination, and chaining the trembling victim to the indescribable agony of this nervous bondage for all its future life.

### About Pride.

Pride is frequently recommended by the false use of language. Pride has been defined an "inordinate and unreasonable self-esteem, attended with insolence and rude treatment to others." Sometimes this view is recommended, by the application to it of an epithet expressive of some valuable quality of heart; and sometimes by the substitution of a word, which awakens in the mind no idea but those of excellence and glory. Many a parent has taught his children to be proud that by so doing, they might be able to hold their heads high, in their passage through the world. Miserable mistake! made in utter forgetfulness of the divine maxim, that "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." It is said of one of the kings of ancient Egypt, that he chose to be denominated "Busris the Proud," and his overthrow was as sudden and remediless as his insolence had been insupportable.

It is certainly no small evidence of the moral corruption of our race, that this rank growth of a degraded humanity can ever be mentioned, or regarded, with any other sentiments than those of disapprobation and disgust. It had never been known, but for sin; and the moral taste must become utterly vitiated, before it can be viewed, under any of its modifications or disguises, with the smallest complacency. There is no pride in heaven. By the most dignified of creatures there, by holy angels and the spirits of the redeemed, as well as by God himself, it is viewed with uniform detestation and abhorrence; and it implies, in their estimation, all the evils of supreme self love, and rebellion against the established order of the universe. Everywhere and always, it is a usurper, a despot, an odious tyrant. But in the view of man, pride is far less hateful, and under some circumstances, is even praiseworthy. The pride of ancestry, of talents, of reputation, and even of personal beauty, which implies no worth, or dignity, either intellectual, moral, or relative, has been systematically encouraged by parents and teachers, as a decent, manly, noble, honorable. Thus has that fundamental maxim of the Redeemer's kingdom been practically scorned and denied: "He that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."—*Puritan Recorder.*

The young spark, suffering from too strong a sensation of the more tender feelings, defines his complaint as attack of lassitude.